

Sunday School

Munachi Mbonu

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**"Jesus started with prayer
and ended with prayer;
prayer is the master key."**

**The children sang in unison
as Ayinde passed by the**

class. Sunday school was divided into two large classes in the church. The babies' class for children aged between three and nine years, and the teenagers' class, aka The Big Boys and Girls' Class for those aged ten to sixteen.

Ayinde had just graduated from the babies' class to the big boys' and girls' class. The excitement ran through his body like electric waves. Finally, he

would stop hanging around with the little ones and start rolling with the big kids. That Sunday, he decided to wear his bright navy-blue shirt with matching navy-blue slacks. He was now on a new level and wanted everyone to know - by the way he dressed.

For the first time, he could proudly walk past the babies' class. That morning, his mum took him. As they moved on past the babies'

class towards the teens section, the voices of the singing children increasingly faded.

They finally arrived.

My baby boy has graduated," his mum said as she opened the door.

Exodus chapter five verse eighteen says: Go therefore now, and work; for there shall no straw be given you, yet shall ye deliver the tale of bricks," the class teacher

had been talking.

She was dressed in a flowy green outfit.

No one really paid attention to Ayinde when he entered. The class was too full and a bit noisy for anyone to notice him.

The only persons who turned their heads were those at the back.

"Who's this fat boy?"

"I think he entered the

wrong class." There was a little chatter while Ayinde tried to locate his seat. Their whispers had been loud enough for him to pick their words. He sat in the middle of the last row, which was empty, but right behind a bunch of older people. He smiled at them when they turned back.

Fortunately, they smiled back and waved. Ayinde was happy to see friendly faces.

Right before leaving the class for the short break, the teacher announced, "don't forget, today is communion Sunday, so get ready."

The people in front of Ayinde whispered to each other before they all turned back at the same time.

"Hello smallie, what's your name?" one of them, a girl, asked.

"Ayinde, he answered.

"Have you taken the holy communion before?" a boy threw in quickly. "Yes I have, I'm baptized, his response exuded confidence. "Well, you need to know something before you go and take the communion," the girl continued.

"What do you mean?" he asked, confused.

"Well, rumor goes that if you drop the bread from your mouth, the blood of Jesus will pour out from your

mouth because you have disrespected his body," the boy said quietly. Ayinde's body froze. "How? Wait, has it happened before?" he asked shakingly. "Nope, because no one has tried it yet," the boy responded. "Sa be careful," the girl said, before they turned back to their seats.

That was the only thing on Ayinde's mind till break time was over. It was time for the main event. Everyone

that was baptized came out in a single file and lined up, facing the altar.

The priest and the Sunday School teacher held the bread and wine.

While the children approached the altar, Ayinde's mind kept going back the story he had been told and imagined how he would make sure the bread did not drop, no matter what.

As soon as it was his turn, the bread went on his tongue successfully. All he had to do was wait for the wine to get to him. As soon as the priest went to serve bread to the person after him, noise from the back started. It was uncontrollable, but extremely funny. Ayinde looked back and recognized it was the people he had just been speaking to. They were making a ruckus. "Yinde, Yinde bo bo, spit it out ooh," they sang. People

at the side kept throwing more fuel to the fire.

Though it was really annoying, Ayinde rather chuckled, a bit.

He found the bread slipping from his tongue, forcing Ayinde to try to hold it back with his teeth. Unfortunately, a part of the bread broke off his mouth and landed on the floor. Ayinde was disappointed so much he screamed even before realizing it.

He had never screamed that way in all his life.

But he had screamed and nothing had happened to his body.

The whole hall fell silent for a moment. Everyone was shocked including the priest and the teacher. Immediately, after the short silence, there was a loud outburst of laughter from the back that spread all around the hall. Everyone was laughing at him.

"I can't believe this fat smallie believed it," a familiar female voice said, causing a lot more people to laugh.

Ayinde felt so bad. He just fell for the silly prank that obviously sounded horrifying. Instead of feeling embarrassed, he now fully realized what had happened and started laughing altogether. When everyone saw that he had been laughing, they broke

into a cheering match and hailed him even more.

The teacher came back to him and said "they told you about that blood of Jesus coming out of your mouth story, didn't they? Don't mind them," she giggled.

Ayinde too giggled and was happy the rest of the day with the new friends he made after the communion service.